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Essex County Herald.

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A Confession.

I met her on the cars to-day—
I've often met her there before.
She has an arch, enchanting way
Which women envy, men adore.

She is not young—no more am I!
Indeed, my hair is white as snow;
But time has stately passed her by,
Nor left a wrinkle on her brow.

Her eyes are blue as heaven's blue;
Her forehead with the lily vies;
Her cheeks have caught the rose's hue,
Her hair the sunset's golden dyes.

We meet and chat, and when we part
Perhaps we kiss, but neither tells;
And then for hours within my heart
There's music sweet as chiming bells.

Our talk's not of indifferent things—
Of books and pictures, birds and flowers—
But things akin to wedding-rings,
Of boys and brides, girls and dowers.

Indeed, it is most grave and staid,
As doth become our time of life;
For we are passing into shade,
And I'm her husband, she's my wife.

THE DREAMING BEECH.

More than a hundred years have passed
Since it was struck by lightning and
split from top to bottom, and the plov
has well furrowed the place where it
grew. Before that time the mighty old
beech tree stood, some hundred yards
from the first houses of the village, on
a grassy mound, a tree such as one
never sees in these days, because ani-
mals, plants, trees, and men are becom-
ing small and mean.

The peasants said the tree dated from
the early Christian era, and that a holy
apostle had been massacred beneath it
by a false heathen; that the roots of
the tree had drunk up the apostle's
blood, which, rising through the trunk
and branches, had made them so large
and strong. Who knows if the legend
be true? Anyhow, there was certainly
one curious fact concerning the tree,
and everybody in the village knew
about it, great and small. Whoever
fell asleep under the tree, and dreamt
a dream, that dream would surely come
true. So from time immemorial it was
called the Dreaming Beech, and no one
knew it by any other name. There was,
however, a peculiar condition attached
to the dreaming, and if anybody lay
down under the beech with the idea of
dreaming some particular thing, then
the dream would surely be nothing but
confusion and rubbish, and nonsense of
all sorts, of which no one could make
either head or tail. Now this was as-
suredly rather a difficult stipulation,
because most people are so very likely
to think of what lies nearest the heart.

One hot summer's day, when not a
breath of air stirred, a poor journeyman
came wandering along the road. Things
had gone very badly with him for many
years in foreign parts. When he reached
the village he turned his pockets in-
side out for the last time, but, alas!
they were empty.

"What am I to do?" he thought to
himself; "I am tired to death, but no
one will take me in for nothing, and it
is hard to beg." Just then his eyes fell
upon the noble beech tree, on the green
grassy slope; and as it stood only a few
yards from the road, he laid himself
down under it to rest. While he was
suddenly sleeping a branch dropped from
the beech tree, with three leaves on it,
which fell just on his breast. He dreamt
that he sat at a table, in a most cozy
room, and the table was his own, and
the room, and indeed the whole house.
At the table, leaning on it with both
hands, stood a young woman, looking
lovingly at him; and that was his
wife. On his knees sat a child,
whom he was feeding with soup, and
because the soup was so hot, he blew upon the spoon to cool it. Then his wife cried out, laugh-
ingly, "What a capital nurse you
make!" Jumping about the room was
another child—a fat, rosy-cheeked ur-
chin—dragging about a large carrot, to
which he had tied a string, and shouting
out, "Tally ho!" as if it were the
finest fox. And both children were his
own.

This was his dream; and it must have
been a very pleasant dream, for his
whole face beamed, in his sleep, with
happiness.

When he awoke it was almost evening,
and before him stood a shepherd smok-
ing. He sprang up from the ground,
much refreshed, stretched himself, and
yawned, saying:

"Heavens! if it were only true! but,
at all events, it was pleasant to know
how it would all feel!"

Then the shepherd came up and
asked him whence he came, and whether
he was going, and whether he had ever
heard of the wonderful beech?

Having learned he was as innocent as
a newborn babe, he exclaimed:

"Well, you're a lucky dog! For any
one could read in your face you were
dreaming for a long time as you lay
there." And he told him the peculiar
virtue of the tree. "It's sure to come
true," he added. "Now, just tell me
what you were dreaming."

"Old fellow," answered the young
man, grinning, "that is the way, is it,
you question strangers in these parts?
I mean to keep my beautiful dream to
myself, and you can't be surprised at
that. But for all that nothing will come
of it. Stuff and nonsense! I should
like to know how a tree could come by
such power!"

As he came into the village he saw
struck from the roof of the third house
a long pole, with a golden crown hang-
ing from it. And below, at the door,
stood the landlord of the Crown Inn. He
happened to be in good humor, for he
had a very good supper, and was feel-
ing quite happy and genial. So the
young laborer pulled off his cap and
asked for a night's shelter.

The landlord of the Crown Inn
looked at the smart lad in his dusty,
ragged clothes, from top to toe, and
then kindly nodding, said to him:

"Sit down here in this arbor. I dare
say there's a bit of bread and cheese

and a jug of beer to spare for ye, and a
truss of straw in the loft at night."

Whereupon he went into the house
and sent out his daughter with the
bread and cheese and beer, and she sat
down beside the young man and asked
him to tell her of the foreign lands,
and to return to him all the village
gossip.

Suddenly she rose, leaned toward the
stranger, and said:

"Pray tell me what those three leaves
are, sticking out of your waistcoat?"

The young man looked down and
found the twig, with three leaves,
which had fallen upon him while he
slept. It was caught in the lap of his
waistcoat.

"It must have fallen from the great
beech tree just outside the village," he
replied. "I had a nap under it."

When he ceased speaking, she began
to question him narrowly, till she had
ascertained beyond a doubt that he had
really fallen asleep under the great
beech tree, and that, moreover, he knew
nothing of the wonderful power and
properties attached to the tree. For he
was a silly dog, and pretended to know
nothing.

As soon as she had done questioning,
she drew him another jug of beer, and
dressed him to drink, telling him all
the lovely things she had herself dreamt
of, and what a pity it was they had not
come true.

Then the shepherd came from
the field, driving his sheep through the
village.

As he passed the Crown Inn, he saw
the two sitting in the arbor, in earnest
converse, and he stood a moment and
said:

"Ah, yes; he'll be sure to tell you
the beautiful dream." And then he
strode on his sheep.

When the girl found that she could
not learn anything about the dream, her
curiosity knew no bounds, and she asked
him outright what he had dreamt
while sleeping under the beech.

Then the young man, who was a mis-
chievous rogue, and in very high spir-
its about his pleasant dream, with a sly
look and a wink said:

"Ah! I had a most glorious dream,
which must come true; but I dare not
tell you what it was."

But she worried and teased him so
that at last he drew his chair toward her
and told her quite gravely:

"I dreamt I should marry the daugh-
ter of the landlord of the Crown Inn,
and that after a bit I should become
landlord myself."

On hearing this the girl grew as white
as a lily and then as red as a rose, and
got up and walked into the house. Then
after some little time she came again,
and asked if he had really dreamt it,
and was quite in earnest.

"To be sure, to be sure," said he;
she who appeared to me in the dream
was most certainly just like you."

Then the girl went again into the
house. She walked straight to her own
room, and thoughts flowed through her
mind, which she could not keep from
telling herself. "The beech tree,"
she said to herself, "he dreamt it, and
whether I wish it or not, it will surely
come to pass; there is no possibility of
changing that." And with this she
went to bed. When she awoke the next
morning she knew his face by heart,
so often had she seen it in her dreams
during the night.

The young man had slept soundly on
his bed of straw. Dreaming of the beech
tree, and all he had said to the land-
lord's daughter, were alike forgotten.
He stood at the door of the tap-room,
and was just shaking the landlord's
hand, and wishing him good-bye, as the
girl entered. On seeing him ready to
start, an indescribable feeling came over
her, she could not let him go.

"Father," she said, "the beech has
not yet been tapped, and the young man
has nothing to do; couldn't he stay
a day longer and earn his board
and lodging, and get something beside
for the journey home?"

The landlord had no objection to
make to this proposal as he had just
had his morning draught and was in
the best of humor.

Somehow the beer tapping progress-
ed so slowly. Then came bottling the
wine, and when the cask was empty and
the bottles full, then the girl thought
he could help in the field work, and
when that was finished there was so
many things to be done in the garden
that no one ever dreamt of before. So
week after week slipped by, and every
night she dreamt of him.

And so it came to pass that at the end
of the year the young man was still at
the house. And then the floors were
well scoured and white sand fir twigs
were thrown in all the rooms, and the
whole village had a holiday. It was the
wedding day of the journeyman and
the innkeeper's daughter; and
everybody rejoiced at it, except just
the few who said because they were
jealous, or pretended to be.

Not long after the landlord of the
Crown Inn was decidedly once more in
a happy frame of mind. He had been
eating and drinking to his heart's con-
tent, and sat in his arm chair with his
snuff-box on his knee. Long he slept;
and at last when he tried to wake him,
they found he was dead.

One day about five years later, the
young landlord, for such he now was,
had come in, and was sitting in the tap-
room, when his wife ran in, and said to
him:

"Only fancy! yesterday at noon one
of our movers fell asleep under the
Dreaming Beech, without knowing it,
and what do you think he dreamt of?
Why, that he was immensely rich! and
only think who it was—Casper, old
Casper, who is half-witted, and every-
body pities and keeps him only for
charity. What on earth will he do with
all his money?"

"Wife," laughed the husband, "how
can you believe such rubbish? You, a
sensible woman! Just reflect for one
moment. How is it possible that a tree
can foretell the future—let it be ever
such an old and beautiful tree?"

The wife gazed at her husband with
wondering eyes, shook her head, and
slowly said:

"Husband, don't speak so wickedly!
You ought not to joke on such sub-
jects."

"I am not joking, my dear," replied
the husband.

Perils of Ballooning.

The late Prof. La Mountain was a
brother of the La Mountain who with
Wise made the longest aerial voyage on
record, which was from St. Louis, Mo.,
to the eastern part of the State of New
York. La Mountain has been making
ascensions for the last eighteen years;
was connected with the signal service
during the war; has made between one
and two hundred ascensions—all except
the two last with gas for inflation.

In the fall of 1870 he came very near
losing his life at Bay City, Michigan.
Having made an altitude of nearly three
miles in a dense fog, and getting com-
pletely chilled, he endeavored to de-
scend, but found to his horror that the
escape valve would not yield, having
frozen to his surroundings. Pulling
with all his strength, the rope parted
above his head. He then concluded to
ascend the ropes from the basket to the
canvases and cut it with his knife, but on
searching his pockets he found to his
dismay that he had left it on the ground
at starting. Nothing daunted, he
climbed the icy, slippery ropes with his
fingers freezing, and on reaching the
canvases tore with his teeth rents suffi-
cient to let the balloon descend. On
nearing the ground, the wind mean-
while carrying him rapidly toward the
lake, he found himself over a thick
forest of pines, but was powerless to
stop. The basket struck a tall tree, he
was hurled, bruised, bleeding, and senseless, to the ground,
but after some hours revived sufficiently
to crawl to the nearest farm house,
where he got assistance.

His balloon at Ionia, where the fatal
accident happened a short time since,
was made of cotton cloth, filled with
oil; was old and rotten from repeated
heatings, but was by him considered
safe. He made a successful start; but
when some six or seven hundred feet
from the earth the balloon collapsed
from a rent in one side, and fell rapidly.
He detached himself from the basket
when about one hundred feet from the
earth, and struck squarely on his feet,
breaking the left leg in three places and
the right in two. No other bones were
broken, and there were but few bruises.
His death was caused by concussion of
the brain.

A Michigan Lumberman.

A paragraph in a recent Michigan pa-
per has elicited from the *Pontiac Ga-
zette* the following respecting the landed
wealth of a citizen of that State: "Dr.
David Ward's great wealth rests in his
immense amount of cork pine lands in
Michigan and Wisconsin, amounting to
over 150,000 acres, every forty of which
he has been over himself, making a
careful estimate of the number and di-
mensions of the trees, and noting all
the characteristics of soil. His land
was nearly all selected from 'close ob-
servation years before most people had
an idea of their ultimate value, and the
very best taken; location upon streams
and facilities for running the timber to
market were carefully considered, so
that to-day he owns the finest tracts of
really available and valuable cork pine
in the United States, and the most of
it. His pine lands may be summarized
as follows: On the Saginaw, 30,000
acres; on the Manistee and Au Sable,
90,000 acres; on the Chippewa, in Wis-
consin, 30,000 acres. Total, 150,000
acres. In addition he owns 20,000
acres of the very best hard-wood tim-
bered lands for farming in the central
and northern part of the State, besides
all his valuable property in Oakland
County, and 13,000,000 feet of logs
afloat. Placing the same valuation upon
his pine lands alone, as other persons
are selling detached tracts in the
vicinity of his, and it aggregates the
sum of \$6,500,000, and we may here say
that that money is in greenbacks stacked
up would not obtain the deeds of his
pine property alone. The difference in
pine land is very great, as between cork
and other qualities, and acre by acre
the cork nets more than three times as
much as any other variety." In Wis-
consin fully a dozen lumbermen boast
that if their pine lands were laid out
into strips a mile wide they would
reach across the State, or over two hun-
dred miles in length.

Love by Wire.

The report of Mr. Soudamora, the
Director of Postal Telegraphs in Great
Britain, contains a romance of the most
original description. After saying how
successful he found the system of em-
ploying male and female clerks to-
gether, and how much the tone of the
men has been raised by the association,
and how well the women perform the
checking or fault-finding branches of
the work, he goes on to speak of friend-
ships formed between clerks at either
end of the telegraph wire. They begin
by chatting in the intervals of their
work, and very soon become fast friends.
"It is a fact," continues Mr. Souda-
more, "that a telegraph clerk in Lon-
don, who was engaged on a wire in Ber-
lin, formed an acquaintance with and
an attachment for—a female clerk
who worked on the same wire in Berlin;
that he made a proposal of marriage to
her, and that she accepted him without
ever having seen him. They were mar-
ried, and the marriage, which resulted
from the electric affinities, is supposed
to have turned out as well as those in
which the senses are more apparently
concerned." Nor must the prudent
reader run away with the idea that
these young persons were very rash or
that they married without due acquaint-
ance. For it is a fact that a clerk at
one end of a wire can readily tell by the
way in which the clerk at the other end
does his work "whether he is passion-
ate or sulky, cheerful or dull, sanguine
or phlegmatic, ill-natured or good-na-
tured."

His Fishing.—I had an uncle who
died from excessive excitement caused
by brook fishing for trout. He had
fished for thirty-two years without suc-
cess, but early in his thirty-second year
he got a bite. "Major," he observed
on his dying bed, "I should die
happy if I were dead certain that was a
trout."

The Little Laborers of New York City.

It is estimated on trustworthy ground
that over 100,000 children are at work
in the factories of New York and the
neighboring districts, while from 15,000
to 20,000 are "floaters," drifting from
one factory to another. Of these the
envelope factories employ about 8,000
children. The average earnings of the
little workers are \$3 per week. The
gold-leaf factories employ a large num-
ber of children, though the exact statis-
tics of the number can not be given.
This occupation requires much skill
and delicacy of touch; it is not severe,
but demands constant attention. The
burnishing of gold, silver, and china-
ware is mostly done by girls, some of
whom are under thirteen years of age.
Singularly enough, it is said that men
in this business require to wear breast-
plates, in order to prevent injury from
the steel instruments employed, while
the girls who labor at it sit at long ta-
bles, their undeveloped breasts pressing
against the handles of the frame. Fully
8,000 girls from twelve to sixteen
years of age are employed in making
paper collars. A girl can count and
box 18,000 collars in a day of ten hours.
Paper-box factories, embracing all
sizes and sizes, from a small cigar box
to a large one for a suit, employ, work-
ing from 10,000 to 12,000 children are en-
gaged in making paper boxes, of whom
nearly 8,000 are under twelve years of
age. Many are only five and seven
years old. The latter are employed
preparing and cutting feathers for col-
oring. Employers claim this to be a
harmless business, but judging from the
pale and sickly countenances of the
girls we doubt the assertion.

Another important industry employ-
ing children in the city is the manufac-
ture of tobacco. The tobacco factories
contain fully 10,000 children, of whom
5,000 at least are under fifteen years.
The youngest child we saw employed
in them was four years of age. He was
engaged in stripping tobacco, and his
average earnings were about one dollar
per week. Many laborers work all
their lives in these factories. We saw
persons as old as eighty years in them.
A man seventy years of age told us he
had spent thirty years in one factory.
His two boys had entered the factory
with him at the age of ten and twelve
years, and were now at work as men in
the same shop. Another, the foreman,
and general workshop manager, had en-
tered that factory thirty-five years ago,
when a boy ten years of age. In some
of these factories boys under fifteen
years are employed in dusky cellars and
basements, preparing, brining, and
sweetening the weed preliminary to
"stemming." The under-ground places
in these damp, cavernous places tends
to keep the light workers stupid in
body and mind. Other boys from ten
to twelve years were squatting on the
floors, whetting the knives of the cut-
ting machines with a mixture of rum
and water applied with a sponge. The
rapidity with which the girls work is
wonderful. A girl of sixteen years can
put up thirteen gross of packages of
chewing tobacco in tin-foil, and twenty-
two gross in paper in one day. Girls
and boys from twelve to fourteen years
earn in this business from four to five
dollars per week. Some little girls
only eight years of age earn \$3 per week.
There are already over 60,000 persons
in New York who can not read or write.
These little overworked operatives will
swell this ignorant throng. Fortunately
this great abuse has not escaped the
attention of humane men.

How a Pope is Elected.

The prospect of the death of the Pope
attracts interest to the manner of elect-
ing his successor. When a vacancy oc-
curs in the Papacy, the government of
the Church devolves *ad interim*, on the
Sacred College. To this body also be-
longs the right of electing a successor
to the deceased Pope. When complete,
the Sacred College consists of seventy
members, composed of five cardinals of
the order of bishops, thirty-four of the
order of priests, and six of the order of
deacons. This body elects the new
Pope by ballot; and must go on voting
until two-thirds of their number have
agreed upon one name. The election of
the present Pope was unanimous. To
those who care to discuss the question
of who is to be the successor of Pius
IX. it may be interesting to know that
the nationalities of the forty-five mem-
bers of the College are as follows:

Italian, thirty-three; French, five;
German, three; English (Cardinal Culen-
lone), one. It will thus be seen that, if
there is anything in the ties of nation-
ality, the next Pope ought to be an
Italian, as natives of Italy constitute
two-thirds of the Sacred College, with
three votes to spare. To any one who
expects the college to be somewhat per-
meated with modern ideas, an inspec-
tion of their ages is not encouraging.
The united ages of the lot amount to
three thousand and seven years, giving
an average to each of about sixty-seven
years. Ten of them were born in the
last century, the oldest being the Arch-
bishop of Chambery, who is in his
ninety-first year. The youngest mem-
ber of the college is Cardinal Lucien
Bonaparte, who is forty-four years old,
and who will probably be a good deal
older before he is again considered an
eligible candidate for the Papal chair.

Fish Culture by Farmers.

Some of our contemporaries, says the
Ledger, are very enthusiastic in their
recommendations of "fish culture by
farmers." This is no new branch of
farming in some localities. The farmers
of Long Island and of the Eastern Coast
of Massachusetts have been engaged in
fish-culture for many years past. Their
favorite species is the menhaden—a
variety of herring. They do not plant
the spawn in ponds, as is now recom-
mended for trout; but plant the fish
themselves in the fields. We have never
heard of any young fish being produced
from these plantings; but the crops of
beans, corn, potatoes, cabbages and the
like, are said to be large and profitable.
Many farmers will be as shy about ex-
changing the menhaden culture for
trout, as the oldest of the speckled trout
are about taking the hook.

A Cincinnati brewer's wife papered
her trunk with costly keg revenue
stamps, and the brewer is in jail for the
way he took on about it.

Visiting in India.

The first thing I am told to do after
having got a roof over your head is to
array myself in uniform, gird a sword
on my thigh, take cards in my hand,
and call on the General and his staff;
also the Resident or Chief's Commis-
sioner, or whatever else he called him-
self, and his staff. That done, I may
get into plain clothes, and having pro-
vided myself with a list of all the ladies
in the place, commence my round of
visits. I believe it is considered the
more strictly correct thing to do for a
married man to call by himself and
make a kind of reconnaissance. The
husband of the lady called upon then
does likewise, and if they are both sat-
isfied, then their wives call. One rule
always observed, and that is, that, mar-
ried or single, the new-comer calls first.
I am, moreover, told that the only hours
I can make my calls in are between 12
and 2—the hottest in the day. I sup-
pose this is by way of making it all the
more meritorious and complimentary,
in the same way pilgrims make them-
selves as uncomfortable as they can by
putting pins in their shoes when they
visit some shrine. I hire a gharry, or
carriage. It comes to the door. It is
a wonderful-looking vehicle, on four
wheels; there are shutters all round,
which, if down, can never be pulled up,
and if up cannot be pulled down. Gen-
erally half are up—the very ones you
do not want. It is so narrow that you
squeeze into it with difficulty, and if
lucky if you are inclined to be a little
stout; and on turning sharp round it
feels as if it would fall over on one side.
The driver sits on the roof, has turban
fastened on his head by a bandage pass-
ing under the chin, giving him the ap-
pearance of suffering from toothache.
He has very little other clothing. The
horse is a fearful-looking old screw,
mere skin and bone, which, when not
flogging, however, goes along at a decent
pace. A large bundle of grass, tied on
to the roof for the refreshment of the
aforesaid screw, completes the turnout.
I step in, and we start. The door will
not remain shut; it is continually flying
open, and aggravating me. The heat
is intense; the dust blows in clouds;
the perspiration pours down me; my
beautifully-starched collar becomes very
dirty, my trousers are ruined. At last
I arrive at the first of my list. The
servant comes down the steps of the
veranda for my card, and says, "Missis
can't see"—the Indian equivalent for
"Not at home." I remember on one
occasion, when the servant was told to
say "Not at home," the truthful crea-
ture came to the carriage door, and de-
livered himself of the following: "Missis
saying she not at home—she in bed, Sir."
Sometimes you will be told the reason
she can't see, entering into very minute
details that may bring a blush to your
modest face. One friend of mine, irritated at going
from house to house and getting the eternal
"can't see" for reply, at last requested
the servant to inquire if Missis had sore
eyes. However, at several of the
houses I visited, Missis could see, and
then I found out that what are consid-
ered evening dresses at home are sup-
posed to be the correct thing to wear,
both by callers and called upon here.
Some even went so far as to have flowers
in their hair. The gentlemen as yet
have not got to wearing swallow-tailed
coats and white ties, but they may do
so in time. Old Indians—men who
have been long in the country—are
rather given to calling in white uni-
forms; and, as far as coolness is con-
cerned, they have undoubtedly the best
of it. Perhaps they do not possess any
plain clothes. An officer, who had
been thirty years in the country without
once going home, told me that seven
years before he purchased a suit of plain
clothes, or, as he called them—he was
a Scotsman—"civil clothes." And he
had only worn them once, and was
afraid of doing so now, as he thought
they might be out of fashion, and that
the young officers would laugh at him.
As there were nearly 200 houses to call
at, it took me the greater part of a week
getting through all my visits.—Once a
Week.

Items of Interest.

Iowa quarry pickers get only 24
cents a quart at the markets.

A circuit court.—The longest way
home from the singing school.
Beloit College, Wis., aspires to be
called "the Yale of the West."

"Millions of white worms" came
down in a shower at Elizabethtown,
Ky.

It is stated that all the candidates for
Governor in Minnesota have announced
their cordial friendship for the farmers.

If any person has doubts whether ad-
vertisements are read or not, let him
put something he doesn't wish known
in an obscure part of the paper.

A Minnesota paper says: If pitching
written on the lakes with an ordinary
thin-tined hay-fork is any indication of
good fishing, then we have good fishing
here."

The export of boots and shoes from
the United States in 1870 was \$103,508.
In 1860 it amounted to \$1,456,834, an
increase during that period of over
seven hundred per cent.

We have been told that Freedom
shrieked when Kosciuszko fell. It ap-
pears, however, that Freedom shrieked
for the wrong name. The will of this
Polish person has been found in his
own handwriting, and it begins: "I,
Thaddeus Kosciuszko," etc.

Mr. J. S. Thompson, of the town of
Auburn, Wis., had a maple orchard he
thought very attractive. The tornado
spoiled over one thousand of the trees,
mainly by the uprooting process. Oak
trees four feet in diameter, near the
same forest, were torn up by the roots.

A schoolboy's composition on tobacco:
"This noxious weed was invented
by a distinguished man named Walter
Raleigh. When the people first saw
him smoking they thought he was a
steamboat, and as they had never heard
of such a thing as a steamboat, they
were terribly frightened."

An order for machinery was recently
received in Indianapolis, which was
then enclosed in an envelope with a
three-cent stamp on it, and the package
then sent by express at a cost of twenty-
five cents, prepaid. The sender was
one of your careful men, and determined
to have the thing reach its destination.

The mess system at the University of
Virginia has reduced the board of the
students to an almost miraculous degree
of cheapness. The University report
mentions a mess of eight whose board
only cost them \$9 per month, and the
State-student whose total expense for
living during the session, including
room rent, board, lights, fuel, and wash-
ing, has been under \$140.

The editor of the *Record*, an Arizona
paper, has on his table two invitations
to act as second in a duel and one to an
Indian hunting raid, a pair of bearskin
pants presented by a hunter, a three-
pound nugget of silver, a free pass on a
stage route, two lottery tickets, three
Apache scalp, a call to act as Postmaster
and Justice of the Peace, and twen-
ty-seven dollars' worth of faro checks.
And still he's not happy.

It is said that in Richmond, Me.,
when a gentleman's family leaves home
for a week or two, the gentleman com-
piles a list of his friends and neighbors
and mails them the following circular:
"— sends his compliments and
announces to the gentlemen named
below that he will do them the honor
of dining with them on the days placed
opposite their respective names. He
will expect a good dinner."

The Peoria Review has this blood-
curdling account of a fight with a mon-
strous snake, happening in that town
late last week. A rural gentleman, visit-
ing a friend in the Third ward, found in
the back yard, after dark, an immense
snake lying in the grass. He procured
an axe, and when he had chopped the
reptile into about a dozen pieces, he
discovered it to be a garden hose which
had not been properly hung up in the
coiled shed.

Charles Dickens, whose criticism on
existing abuses were more orthodox
than his processes of reform, thus phre-
sized forth a very pregnant fact: "The
first Napoleon caused more deaths than
all earthquakes since the days of Noah;
the cupidity of ship owners and the su-
perstition of sailors have lost more ships
and lives than all the storms that ever
blew; the filthy state of our towns
sends more souls to Hades than all put
together. Plague, pestilence, war and
famine yield to dirt!"

The Shah's Gifts.

Before leaving England the Shah
made some costly presents to several
members of the royal family and the
nobility. To the Queen he gave a set
of very rare and valuable jewels, the
Prince of Wales his photograph set in
diamonds, and to the Duke of Cam-
bridge, as Commander-in-Chief of the
Army, he presented an elegant sword
saying that "he rejoiced to place the
sword of Persia in the hand of England."

A photograph set in diamonds was also
offered to Earl Granville, who extracted
the picture, pressed it to his heart, and
returning the diamonds, explained to
the Shah that much as he thanked him
for his position as an English Minister for-
bade his receiving a present from a for-
eign monarch. Lady Rawlinson and
the Duchess of Sutherland also received
presents of diamonds from the Shah,
who, at the same time, presented Lord
Morny with a valuable snuff-box set
with jewels. He gave \$10,000 to the
servants at Buckingham Palace, and
\$15,000 to the police of London.

The Minnesota Wheat Crop.—The
Farmers' Union, the agricultural organ
of the State of Minnesota, says: "Com-
mencement has been made on the great
wheat harvest of Minnesota for 1873,
and a most bountiful harvest is prom-
ised. From a careful estimate we think
the State can export this year 90,000,000
bushels of wheat; provided we have our
usual good weather during harvest, and
provided further the crop escapes
worms and is secured." The Union
further advises farmers to market their
wheat as soon as possible for fear of
still lower prices.